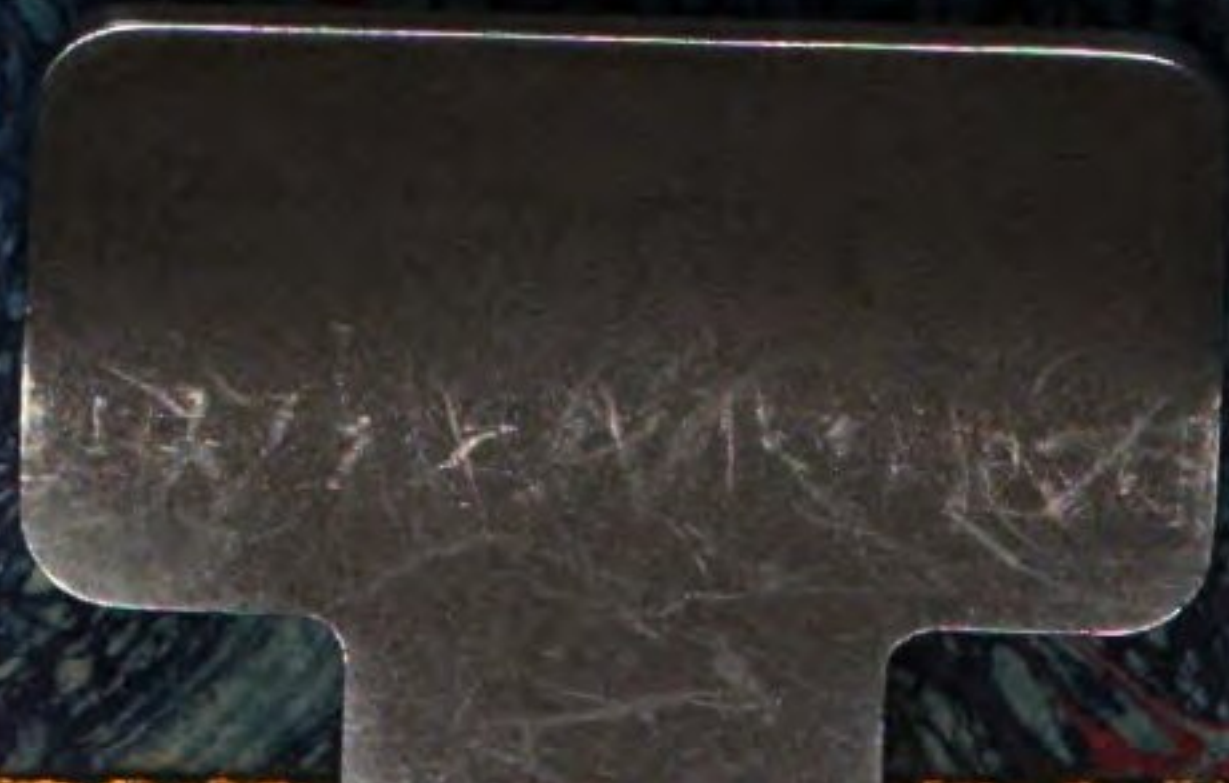
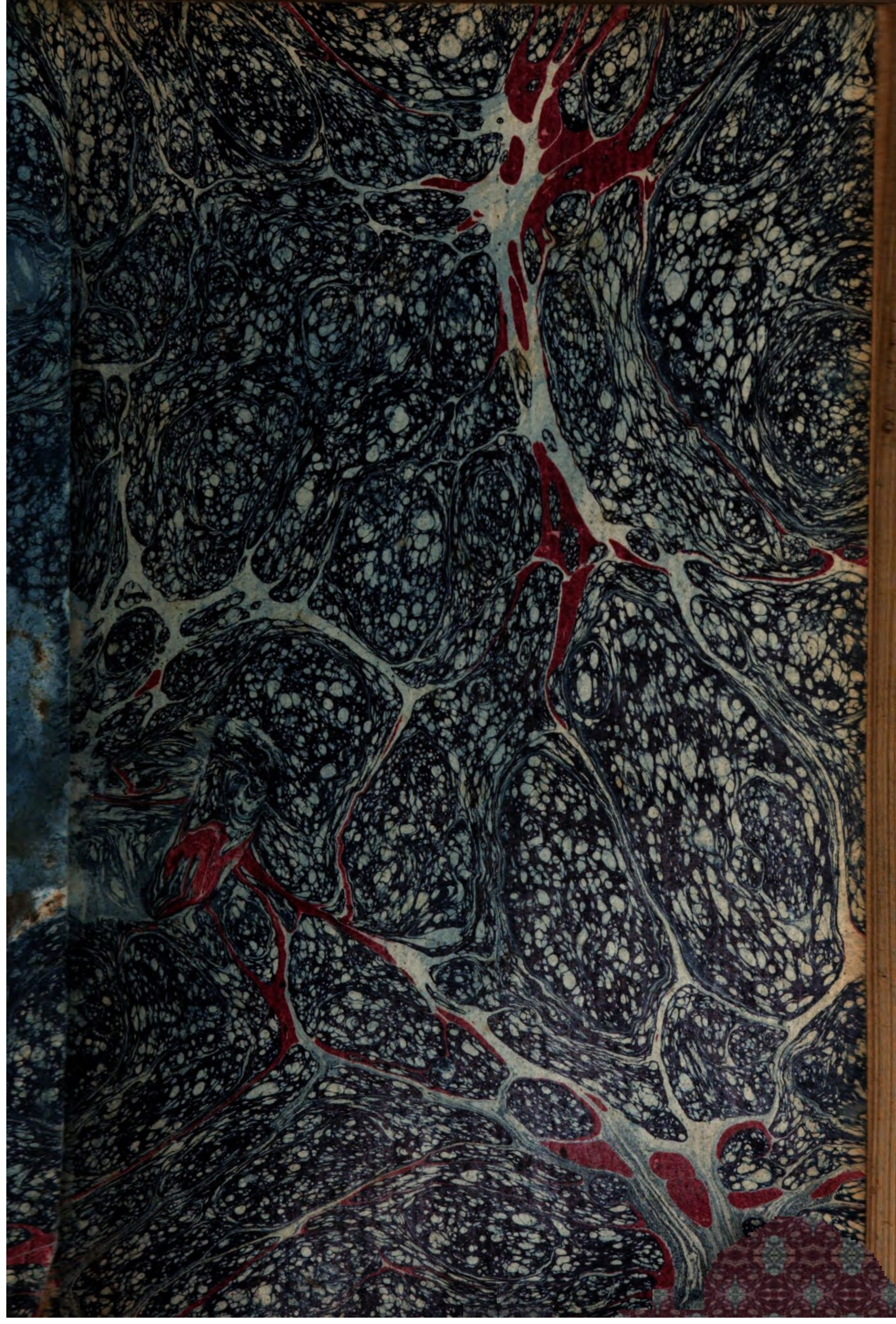


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Townshend

POEMS.

BY

THOMAS TOWNSHEND, *Esq.*

OF GRAY'S INN.

Μεισαν θυγατέρες αἰδαι— PINDAR.

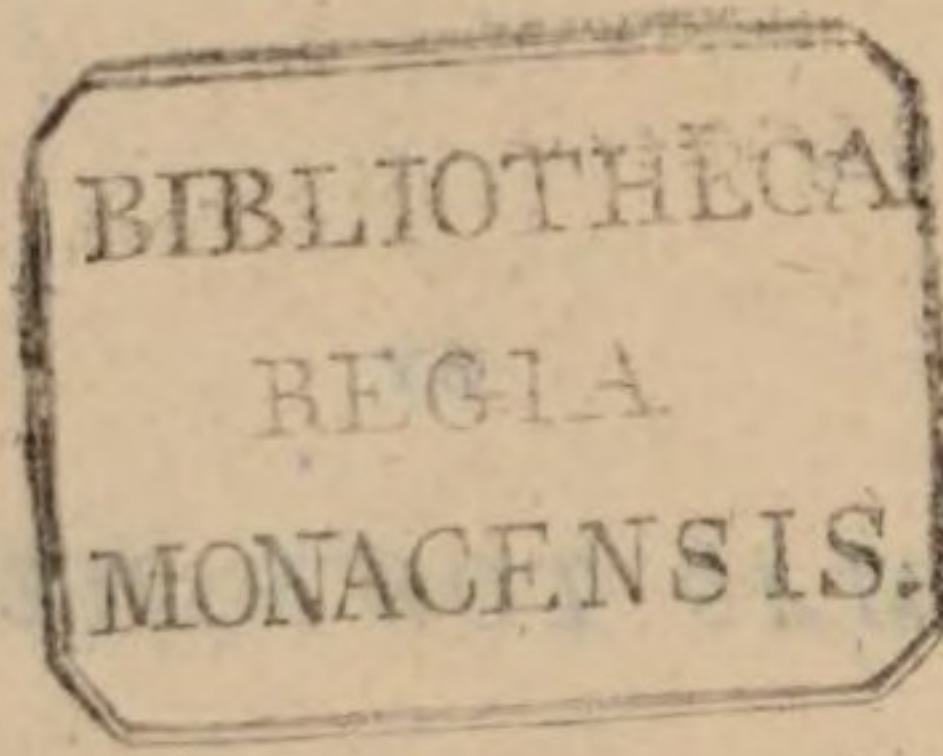
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1796.

POEMS



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1870

TO THE

HON. SOMERSET LOWRY CORRY.

MY DEAR SIR,

It is almost unnecessary to observe, that the Poems which compose this volume, bear internal evidences of having been produced at intervals remote from each other. The spirit of several of them is dissimilar; and the want of uniformity in their manner and structure, may possibly convey to some, stronger significations of negligence than of diligence. Whatever credit suspicions of this colour may wear, yet I must observe, that I have taken some pains to mitigate the incorrectness of their original state; and principally with a view to render them more worthy of their present distinction in being ornamented with your name. I shall not enter into any circumstances connected with their production,

which may be interpreted into palliatives, intending to invite the moderation of criticism. Bad poetry cannot be preserved from oblivion by any stratagems of prefatory excuse; and good poetry wants not the aid of so common-place an auxiliary. I shall not therefore incline to excuse, farther than to say, that the greater part of the contents of this volume has been written at an earlier period of life, when the eagerness of imagination is not always restrained by the controul of the judgment. Of the few Odes of the abstract sort which follow, I confess that I do not encourage any expectation of seeing them become popular. Of the mass who read, there are but a very few indeed who possess any very keen relish for abstract poetry; whose minds can intuitively accede to remote allusions, and whose imaginations can warmly receive that imagery which is not obvious. I am the more confirmed in the fate of poetry of this order, when I reflect how few comparatively can be ranked among its admirers. It is in the regions of the Muse as in those of material nature: various sorts of scenery have their several advocates; and the gross bulk of those who gaze upon them generally prefer the

sober features of trim culture, to the rude grandeur and rough magnificence of unornamented greatness. The admirers of Shenstone very far out-number those of Gray and Collins.

There is a species of enthusiasm almost as necessary to the perusal as to the composition of the Ode. Those who possess this fine quality are alone capable of entering with appropriate ardour into all the diversities of imagery, of seizing sentiment even while the mind is most rapidly on the wing, and of wresting from a sketch that full effect, which others could only seek for from a circumstantial picture. They catch comprehensively the mixed varieties of the subject; they are not subdued by that auricular bondage which deems the suspension of the rhimes an outrage against all the ordinances of criticism; their progress is not impeded by irritable precision or frivolous pertinacity, but they pass along with a generous zeal through a wider range of expansive though irregular fertility. Their pleasures do not spring from a detail examination of each passage as isolated by frigid inquiry; but from the general result of all

the component parts, as they are blended together in a liberal assimilation.

It would be travelling beyond the necessity within which I should limit myself, if I were to enter into discussions upon the faculty requisite to give the genuine relish for the higher efforts of lyric poetry. The succeeding pages cannot hope to summon this gift of the imagination; and a tamer temper of mind may perhaps be better adapted to their perusal. But in any case I have no intention of writing a preface to them. I inscribe them as a very humble, though a very sincere tribute to your qualities of disposition and mind; to talents from which, in their high qualification for public life, every thing may be expected which can produce honour to yourself, and utility to your country.

Few men are so little gratified with open panegyric as those who deserve it most; and therefore I shall not enumerate many fine traits of character which I have been accustomed to admire, nor those manly sentiments of patriotism, which I know you

will exert, and from the exertion of which must arise an important accession to the public good. In bespeaking you for the public service I should claim a subordinate merit, if I were not aware that you must feel the force of your talents; and if I did not know, that under this consciousness it is your highest sense of virtue, and a noble and just sense it is, to bestow them on your country.

I have the honour to be,
 With the truest respect and regard,
 My dear Sir, your sincere friend,
 And obedient servant,

LONDON,
 March 1, 1796.

THOMAS TOWNSHEND.

with exact, and from the position of affairs in
 state an important accession to the public good. In
 regarding you for the public service I should claim
 a subordinate rank, in a subordinate office, that you
 must feel the force of your talents; and if I had the
 honor, that under the consideration of your high
 estimate of virtue, and a noble and just sense of
 to bestow them on your country, I should be
 proud to receive them. I have the honor to be,
 as ever, with the most respectful and loyal
 sentiments, your obedient servant.

And obedient servant,
 J. M. Smith

My dear Sir,
 I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your
 letter of the 10th inst. and in reply to inform you
 that the same has been forwarded to the proper
 authorities for their consideration.

ELFIN ECLOGUES.



NIL MORTALE LOQUAR.

HOR.

ELPIN RECOGNES

THE HISTORY OF THE



ECLOGUE I.

KING, QUEEN, OBERON, ATTENDANT FAIRIES.

Scene, A blooming Wild.—Time, Night.

KING.

Now the lazy bat-winged night
 Creeps along in limping plight,
 And the star-enlightened green
 Brightens in its dewy sheen,
 Come my spirits light and gay,
 Wake the fairy roundelay.

QUEEN.

O'er the cups of harebells blue
 Draining drops of pearly dew ;
 Round the rose's damask head
 Swift we bound with frolic tread,
 O'er th' unbending tender blade
 Lightly trip each elfin maid.
 Round the honeysuckle sweet
 Brisk we go on nimble feet ;
 Waking there the glutton bee
 As we wander merrily.
 O'er the sheety lake we go
 Revellers with unwet toe.

OBERON.

Hush the timbrel and the lute,
 Fairy voices now be mute ;
 Where yon breathing roses twine
 With the mellow eglantine,
 Creeping round the myrtle shed,
 Lo ! a nymph reclines her head ;
 Minstrels quaint, conclude the song,
 Round the sleeping beauty throng.

KING.

Hush ! each forward elfin tread ;
 Back each busy-prying head.

Fairest Julia slumbers here
 To the piping shepherd dear;
 Sweetest of the mortal train,
 Gladd'ning all the noon-day plain.

QUEEN.

Hence away, my fairy ring,
 Thousand glow worms hither bring;
 Hang them round on every flower,
 Gaily light this little bower,
 Come now, gentle elves, and peep,
 Sunk she lies in balmy sleep.

OBERON.

See the melting light which flies
 From her haply half-clos'd eyes,
 Glancing o'er the rose's head,
 Paints it with a lovelier red.
 See the playful dimples sleek
 Softly circling o'er her cheek;
 While each angel witching grace
 Idly wanders o'er her face;
 And the archer tribes of love
 O'er its sweets unarmed rove.

KING.

Lo! the lily pluck'd doth rest
 Envious on her whiter breast;

While those jealous roses seek
 To gaze the blushes from her cheek.
 Mark her limbs of peerless grace
 Vying with her powers of face.
 Airy tribes around her stand;
 Ne'er was seen in fairy land
 Beauties such as here display'd
 Clust'ring deck this lovely maid.
 All my virgin elves away,
 Cull me visions light and gay;
 Soothing dreams light-handed spread
 Softly o'er this beauty's head.

KING.

Now before her fancy's eye
 Let her pensive shepherd sigh;
 Let her know his anxious fears,
 Let her see his streaming tears.
 Swift, ere yonder nightingale
 Close her last soft-warbled tale,
 Gently from her dying throat
 Wrest her softest melting note;
 Hither quick as thought appear,
 Trill it in fair Julia's ear;
 So shall it her bosom move
 To the sighing sweets of love.

QUEEN.

Screaming owl on pinion gray,
 And the flitting bat away.
 Wreathing snakes with spotted crest,
 Hiss not to disturb her rest.
 Beetles hum not in her ear;
 Panting toads now come not near.
 Angry spirit of the wild
 Shrieking fright not beauty's child;
 Pausing sleep from velvet wing
 O'er the maid thy soft dew's fling.

KING.

Linnets piping in soft lay,
 Thickly crowd this flow'ry spray.
 Red-breast come with liquid throat,
 Trill in dreams thy little note.
 And 'bove all, sweet philomel,
 In this flower-inwoven cell,
 In thy most enchanting lay,
 Sing the ling'ring night away.

QUEEN.

Three times round this virgin fair
 Trip my elves with silent care.
 Duck the daisy-crowned head,
 Myrtle dew's around her shed.
 Strew the vivid blossoms gay,

Pilfer'd from the lap of May.
 Thus as circling round I go,
 Now the guarding spell I throw,
 Which, endow'd with magic charm,
 The maid shall shield from midnight harm.

KING.

List thee, Oberon; thy care
 Let it be to guard this fair;
 Ever as an elfin friend
 On her wand'ring steps attend;
 Guide her with unerring tread
 Ne'er by cheating views misled;
 And to tender thought inclin'd
 Ever bend her gentle mind;
 On her cheek let oft appear
 Life's sweet pearl—pity's tear :
 So her shepherd true shall find
 Julia's not more fair than kind;
 And—but lo! the morning gleam
 Silvers o'er the hubbling stream,
 And the rising prince of light
 Gilds the robes of flying night;
 While the rosy tribes of day
 Smiling sweep his orient way.
 Hark! the morning minstrel sings
 High unseen on struggling wings;

Come, my elves, our watch let's close,
And betake to day's repose.
Here within these buds we'll creep,
Soft to rest in fragrant sleep,
Till the moon with gentle ray
Wake us to our pastimes gay.



Come, my dear, one with me, stand
 And together let's a prayer
 Make within this holy place,
 Till the moon with silver rays
 Sheds its light on our parting day.

And when the sun is low,
 And the stars are bright,
 And the moon is full,
 And the wind is soft,
 And the heart is true,

And when the heart is true,
 And the heart is true,
 And the heart is true,
 And the heart is true,
 And the heart is true,

And when the heart is true,
 And the heart is true,

And when the heart is true,
 And the heart is true,

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And when the heart is true,
 And the heart is true,



ECLOGUE II.

PUCK AND MELLA.

Scene, A Wilderness.—Time, Night.

WIDE o'er the glitt'ring plains outspread
 The summer moon her lustre shed,
 And thro' the spangled vault of night
 Was wandering in her utmost height.
 Calm Sleep with downy wreath around
 The active powers of life had bound.

Old Silence, pausing, still'd the vale,
 And tied the pinions of each gale ;
 When Puck, from out a violet's bell
 Slow rising, left his musky cell ;
 And thus, unus'd to wailing plight,
 Sigh'd in the list'ning ear of night :

“ Sure elf like me has never borne
 Sad exile, and love's sadder scorn !
 While now our frolic tribes advance,
 And lightly wheel the braided dance,
 Through airy halls of moon beams made,
 Where fairy pageants are display'd,
 Lo! I, an exile from their sport,
 Must pining shun their gay resort,
 Nor dare I join the gladsome ring,
 Such the harsh mandate of our king :
 Since, speeding from the northern pole
 With glitt'ring ice-beams which I stole
 Deftly from out the studs which rest
 On pale-ey'd Winter's pearly breast,
 With Mella fair in converse gay,
 Round the earth's axle I did play :
 Although our monarch bade me fly
 Swift as light paints the streaky sky,
 And quick the silv'ry beauties bear,
 To deck his fav'rite changeling's hair.

But heedless of his dread command,
 (What wight can love's soft pow'r withstand?)
 As round the horned moon I drew
 The beauteous Mella bless'd my view.
 A ray shot from an eagle's eye
 Upbore her smiling through the sky;
 With tender tales I woo'd the fair,
 Long loitering on the boundless air,
 Till to the West the hast'ning night
 On twilight wing quick aim'd her flight.
 When to the elfin court return'd
 At my delay our monarch burn'd,
 And raving seiz'd me chill'd with dread,
 And hurl'd me o'er a tulip's head;
 Haply a thistle's floating down
 Preserv'd the safety of my crown.
 Then from a beetle's wing he cut
 A thousand thongs, on each a knot,
 And to a lupin's stalk me tied,
 Then o'er my back dealt lashes wide.
 Thou Mella, dewy-footed fair,
 Dropt not a wish, nor sigh'd a pray'r.
 No mortal beauty's rigid heart
 Beheld less mov'd a lover's smart;
 For, sad to say, tho' beauty's mein
 More softness shews than April's reign;

Yet when the plaintive voice of love
 To pity tries the breast to move,
 Coolly the passion'd tongue she hears,
 Banquets on sighs and feasts on tears.
 For her I'm banish'd from the court,
 And all the merry imps of sport,
 And doomed here in woe t' abide,
 And on the dappled toad to ride
 Thrice yon blighted willow round;
 Nor dare I pass the order'd bound.
 Sure elf like me has never borne
 Sad exile, and love's sadder scorn.
 Vex'd I see with envious eye,
 The elves their little labours ply.
 Some paint the cowslip's golden head,
 Some tinge the rose with newer red,
 Its older dyes young fairies seek
 To grace the mortal maiden's cheek.
 Others gay-cheating fancies spread
 Around the shepherd's love sunk head.
 Some speed the circling globe around;
 Some breathe love's melancholy sound,
 To soothe the doubting virgin's ear,
 And melt to hope each rising fear.
 Some glide before the pilgrim hind,
 While gath'ring terrors crowd his mind;

The gentle breath of placid night
 Soft sighing, numbs him with affright.
 But happier toils those fairies prove,
 Who tread the train of yielding love;
 Who with their elfin virgins stray
 And cheerly wear the night away.
 Sure elf like me has never borne
 Sad exile, and love's sadder scorn.
 No wayward prank now glads my mind,
 To softer views alas! inclin'd.
 The gamesome clown his fears may end,
 And distant revels safe attend,
 Nor quake at bogs, and quagmires dread,
 By me no longer lanthorn led.
 No dairy sour'd, or pans o'erturn'd,
 Has late the thrifty housewife mourn'd.
 No changeling quaint, with crabbed stare,
 The cheated mother's kiss shall share;
 Nor mischiefs such as grandames tell,
 The fright'ning village tale shall swell.
 Alas! unturn'd the parish mill,
 Now at this fairy hour is still;
 No house-dog's dreams awaken fear,
 And hint the meddling fairy near,
 While I, the once arch wand'ring sprite,
 Thus mourn away the languid night.

Sure elf like me has never borne
Sad exile, and love's sadder scorn."

While thus he sigh'd a dulcet sound
Stole from the moonlight thicket round,
And straight, to brisker measures grown,
Puck wondering hears the lively tone;
Till bounding from the hiding shades
Advanc'd a band of fairy maids.
'Twas Mella's lute, whose varying strain
With wonder rapt her elfin swain.

MELLA.

Thou brooding imp, thou railing sprite,
With mirth we've seen thy railing plight,
And tho' we came with struggling speed
To tell thee thou'rt from durance freed,
Yet, list'ning to thy froward tongue,
With love's reproaches rudely hung,
Thrice o'er huge Ocean's wavy breast
We've tript, with lightest glee possest;
And thrice a starry fillet bound
His undulating temples round;
And left thee luckless here to mourn
Sad exile, and love's sadder scorn.

PUCK.

Herald of joy, sweet Mella hear,
Long to thy passion'd fairy dear,

That breast to faithful love most true
 Most feels its fears and sorrows too.
 Forgive me all the idle woes,
 My fault'ring tongue did now disclose;
 And now releas'd from pining care
 Close let me clasp my sheeny fair.
 Now let me by some labour prove
 The sweeten'd zeal of melting love.

MELLA.

Where yonder grove of darken'd green,
 Throws shadows o'er the dewy scene,
 There bring ere morn's purple hour
 The rifled odour of each flow'r;
 That there enthron'd in balmy pride
 The soul of fragrance may reside.
 While the cross'd maid and peevish hind
 A vapid leaf shall wond'ring find,
 Shall at the scentless blossom stare,
 And slight the garland's painted glare.
 Then catch me every glitt'ring star,
 Whirl'd from the wheel of night's pale car,
 As o'er the dappled vault it strays,
 Thro' lucid clouds and silv'ry ways.
 Gentle as silence hither bring,
 The ebon down of night's huge wing.

Thus shall my hoards such treasures hold
 As elfin stores cou'd ne'er unfold;
 And haply these commands may prove
 Thy falsehood or thy faithful love.

PUCK.

Enough, enough—behold me run;
 Soon shall thy task be featly done.
 Long ere the morn's saffron ray
 Lights the green world and crowns the day.
 Then happy Puck no more forlorn
 Shall exile know, or love's sad scorn.





ECLOGUE III.

SWART AND MILDEW.

Night.—A Ruin.

SWART.

Now her face the moon doth shroud
Labouring in the gloomy cloud,
And the wasting storm raves
O'er the abbey's foot-worn graves,
Seeming in the mortal ear
Dread to utter shrieks of fear;

While the restless raven's note,
 And the owl with scaring throat,
 Screaming from the rocking tow'r,
 Swell the horrors of the hour.

Mildew, let us here relate
 Many a wayward wicked fate,
 Done by fancy or command,
 O'er this tempest-beaten land.

MILDEW.

Swart agreed—do thou begin.

SWART.

In other times our elfin king,
 Once by headlong passion fired
 Lovely Phœbe much desir'd;
 And with her was often seen
 On the daisy-painted green,
 And at mid-day's fervid hour
 In the leafy cluster'd bow'r;
 And her melting heart to gain,
 Guised just like her true love swain,
 Damon's form he wou'd wear,
 Cheating oft the heedless fair.
 But it happen'd on a day,
 Damon wandered the way,
 Where our king in his disguise
 Phœbe prest with vows and sighs.

I who watching close behind
 Saw the luckless coming hind
 Straight in Phoebe's form and air
 Staid him, looking softly fair.
 Much of love we fondly talk'd
 Whiles o'er vales and plains we walk'd;
 And with many a glance and smile
 Much I did his heart beguile:
 When we gain'd a steep brook side
 Sly I dropt into the tide,
 Loud imploring Damon's aid
 Quick to save his true love maid.
 Swift as light'ning's rapid beam
 Damon plung'd into the stream,
 While I, seeming down to sink,
 Chang'd a zephyr, gain'd the brink;
 And Damon, diving swift to save
 His fancied maiden, met his grave.

MILDEW.

How we fairies arch and gay
 Laugh at drossy sons of clay!
 Once when all the village boys
 Shouting loud in truant noise,
 Sought a dang'rous blooming steep,
 Where the purple vi'lets peep,

'Mid wild roses sweet that shed
 Fragrance from the pendant head;
 One, the hopeful only care
 Of a tender anxious pair,
 Loveliest of the truant band,
 Cull'd his flowers with daring hand:
 Scrambling high above the rest,
 Youthful glory in his breast;
 While his sunny tresses fair
 Floated in the balmy air;
 On me, shap'd a crumbling sod,
 He in heedless ardour trod;
 Quick I twitch'd him by the heel;
 Down the urchin fair did reel
 From rock to rock, till kindly death
 Snatcht from his mangled form his breath.

SWART.

When the musing shepherd swain
 Told in hope his counted gain,
 While he saw yon russet rocks
 Whiten'd o'er with straggling flocks,
 Hoarding up in fancy sage,
 'Gainst th' uncertain hour of age;
 Unperceiv'd I mock'd his aims,
 And turn'd his hopes to idle dreams.

For when gentle night came on,
 And the young moon softly shone
 With a fair innoxious beam
 I swell'd with waves the rapid stream;
 And down the foaming rude-wash'd hills
 To torrents wild I chang'd the rills,
 Sweeping with a madding sway
 This woe-struck shepherd's lambs away;
 While all his hopes the waters bore
 Breathless o'er the delug'd shore.

MILDEW.

When Autumn with his golden hair
 Smiling blest the farmer's care
 And his largely giving hand
 In varying yellow drest the land;
 As the plenty-laden grain
 Cheer'd the hoping rustic swain,
 From the hedges russet side,
 Where I did unseen abide,
 A deadly blighting blast I blew,
 Which o'er the pregnant harvest flew,
 And while I laugh'd in mischief keen
 Sad wither'd all the waving scene.

SWART.

Last when tyrant Winter's sway
 Held each season sweet and gay

In his numbing fetters bound,
 And spread snowy blankness round;
 As an age-bent widow'd dame
 O'er the damps slow-moving came,
 Press'd with charitable food
 Gather'd for her starving brood,
 And with aching eager mind,
 Sought her lonely hut to find,
 'Mid the darkness of the night,
 I with small deluding light
 Did her wat'ry eye beguile,
 And led her many a weary mile;
 Till o'er the icy-cover'd way
 Chill'd into death the wand'rer lay.
 Then away with nimble tread
 To her hut I laughing sped.
 There the infant tribe I found
 Group'd the fading embers round,
 Boding sad the parent's fate,
 Wailing loud in suff'ring state;
 And with sighs and streaming tears
 Lisp'ing all their little fears.
 Oft they'd hang the list'ning head
 Hush'd to hear the mother's tread,
 When I tramp'd at the door,
 And amid the tempest's roar

In her voice wou'd often cry
 Loud to make them think her nigh.
 Till wearied with this sport I flew
 To seek me other frolics new ;
 And left these little imps of woe,
 Who sunk beneath pale famine's blow.

MILDEW.

When the bells in pealing sound
 Gladly told the village round
 Wealthy Thyrsis got an heir,
 All his wish and all his care ;
 I by mandate of our queen
 Stole away the babe unseen,
 And to Collin's rustic dame
 Swiftly with the boy I came,
 Chang'd him for her hair-lip'd son ;
 Back to Thyrsis' then did run,
 Ere the evening star askance
 Twinkled thrice his gentle glance.

SWART.

When the shepherd boy at dawn
 Caroll'd o'er the bright'ning lawn,
 As he stept with heedless tread
 On the wild bee's dulcet bed ;
 I, who lay in pleasant calm
 Careless o'er the honied balm,

Rous'd the sadly ruin'd bee,
 And made him in anger flee
 To the boy, and vengeful cling
 On his cheek with pointed sting,
 Till his face blue-swoll'n grown
 The youth bewail'd with many a moan.

MILDEW.

Lately down the winding vale
 Julia felt the evening gale;
 While within a willow bow'r
 Piping at that gentle hour
 In a softly-melting strain,
 Sate her tender-loving swain,
 And anon with lab'ring tongue
 The maiden's praise he pensive sung.
 When each other they espied
 Julia blush'd, the shepherd sigh'd.
 Sorrow touch'd her yielding breast,
 On which I embliss'd did rest.
 Rising pity I kept down,
 O'er her face I spread a frown.
 His pipe he broke and sped away,
 The maiden wou'd have bade him stay;
 As she call'd him with a sigh,
 I chang'd the sounds and bade him fly.

SWART.

Hark ! our airy bugle horn
Tells the coming light of morn.
Now the pining storm subsides
Calmness o'er the scene presides,
And now o'er the misty plain
Lightly troops our elfin train.
Hark! again the summons gay
To our pastimes calls away;
Let us from this drear resort
Fly to mischief, fun and sport.



SWART.

I look! our airy souls have
 Tilt the evening light of moon
 Now the rising storm unfolds
 Calmness o'er the scene presents,
 And now o'er the dusky plain
 Lightly troops our stars arise
 Hark! again the midnight cry
 To our pastures calls away;
 Let us from this hour hence
 Fly to meet that far and free

ODES.

0. D. E. 2.



Stothard del

Pub^d July 1. 1796. by E. Harding Pall Mall.

Gardner sc

O D E
TO
M U S I C.

ΧΡΥΣΕΑ φορμιγξ, Απολλω-
νος καὶ ἰοπλοκάμων
Σύνδικον Μοισαν κτέανον.
Τᾶς ἀκέει μεν βάσις, ἀγλαΐας ἀρχά.
Πείθοντ' αἰδοὶ σάμασιν,
Αγησιχόρων ὀπότεαν των φροιμιων
Αμφοτέρων τεύχης ἐλελιζομενα·
Καὶ τὸν αἰχματὰν κεραυνον σβεννέεις
Αενάε πυρος.

PINDAR. I. PYTHIAN.

THE purple might of kindled day
Effulgent pours the trembling ray,
And o'er the rosy-dancing tide
Beams in warm lustre and in blushing pride:
Gay-mantling glory crowns the vivid scene.
The waving flow'rs that dress the vale,
Exult in richer colours to the gale;
And nature riots in a fresher green.

The stream of song in liquid notes
 O'er the lull'd senses dulcet floats,
 And in soft rapture bathes the melting soul;
 The tribes of thought by sweetness seiz'd,
 The rude corrected and the milder rais'd;
 Claspt in the trilling bonds of sound,
 The subject passions as they listen round,
 In joyous wonder hail the lov'd controul.

O! Goddess of the Grecian shell,
 If yet on Pindus' tow'ring breast,
 With pensive memory thou lov'st to dwell,
 'Mid the old shades of antient song to rest,
 The sacred glooms now yielding leave;
 Where once thy gifting hand did weave
 Garlands of glory for the poet's head;
 While Inspiration mov'd with quick ecstatic tread.
 O! teach me now the wonders of that hour
 When Music first with wild-entrancing pow'r,
 Attun'd the strings in melting chime,
 While all creation mov'd in concord to the rhyme.

'Twas when the blazing beam of light,
 Burst dazzling from the void of night,
 That o'er the rosy realms of day,
 Th' immortal glance did pleas'd survey

The spheres thro' pathless circles hurl'd,
 And the swift whirl of this pendant world.
 While smiles of life around him gleam'd,
 And heav'n in quenchless splendour beam'd,
 Of pow'rs divine young joy alone,
 With him possess'd th' eternal throne;
 When he in glee creative thought,
 And lo! the wond'rous vision wrought.

Bright clouds of silv'ry ether round
 In breathed slowness from the gemmy ground
 Mounting in thicken'd lustre rose,
 And waving soft in light repose
 Seem'd o'er the gold-pav'd space to stand:
 Settling they roll in volumes bland.
 Now gently fall the flakes of light;
 The tinsel mists slow-curling bright,
 A virgin form in part conceal:
 The thinning clouds her charms reveal.
 Her luscious locks of orient hair
 Float on th' ambrosial-scented air;
 In vermeil life th' immortal rose
 O'er her soft cheek ecstatic blows;
 Her eyes emit th' inspiring ray,
 More livening than celestial day;

A white robe flung in careless fold
 Half wraps her rosy-beaming mould;
 Around her waist a lucid zone
 Of bluey-sparkling radiance shone;
 Her sapphire buskins laced with light,
 Pour mild effulgence on the sight;
 And in her pearly hand a lyre
 She held of golden-glowing wire.

Moveless and fair she lovely stood:
 Of grace diffus'd a living flood
 Immensely spreading, to life she sprang.
 She smote the chords with frantic hand;
 With praise the brilliant concave rang,
 And Music sweet was hail'd by ev'ry goddess band.

The newly-utter'd sound
 The mad enthusiast dasht around;
 And dropping tears of rapture wild,
 Rav'd, and laugh'd, and wept, and smil'd.
 Now rapid pours the deaf'ning flood of song,
 Roaring it falls and tumbling foams along;
 Now the soft strains in loosen'd sweetness play,
 Melt as they breathe and ravish as they stray,
 As to the sire of all the hymn she rais'd.
 And while she grateful prais'd

Entranc'd then stood the prince of day;
 The fond earth round him wheel'd her way;
 And nature smiling spoke her steady law.
 Th' infolded spheres then to the measur'd sound,
 She bade their trackless orbits ever draw,
 In sweet compulsion thro' the bright profound.

The rose-wing'd children of the day
 Danc'd circling to th' enchanting lay.
 Then spring his breathing blossoms shed,
 Shaking rich fragrance from his bloomy head;
 And by th' inspiring sounds possess'd,
 His subject world in green he dress'd;
 And now he laughs in vernal hues
 Now weeps in tears of balmy dews,
 As the varying measure sway'd,
 Rich joy or grief the strings obeyed.
 Heaven was rapt with lauding wonder,
 While to the sounding wires soft murmur'd thunder.

Smooth steal the trickling notes along,
 And winding creeps the mellow lapse of song.
 Ambrosial gales in soft enchantment bound
 Float idly o'er the trembling waves of sound.
 Imbath'd in madness sweet,
 The minstrel pow'r the gods benignly greet;

And each in melting-passion'd tone,
 Crav'd the lov'd cherub as his own.

Jove to approve her soul-impris'ning sway
 Bade her awake th' accordant lay,
 The power expressing of each potent god.
 Rous'd by his thunder-moving nod
 The Fates expose the adamantine page,
 Which holds of gods and men the doom;
 Thence the changeful theme she did assume
 And in new joys the sisters dire engage.
 Enrich'd the luscious balm of song
 In weight of sweetness clogs their rigid ears;
 No longer they the stern frown prolong,
 But melting smile and drop the ruthless shears.

Let not the dazzling visions pour
 Tremenduous radiance on the mental eye!
 Spirit of song! the madding glories spare
 That blaze with blinding light on high.
 The golden beams that quivering play,
 Streaming effulgence on immortal day,
 Too forceful press the aching brain.
 Deal of thy gifted heat a lesser part;
 Teach me to touch the softly-yielding heart,
 Each milder vision love, and gaze it without pain.

Too great, too mighty for the muse's verse,
 The varied tissue of man's hapless fate,
 Which Music's numbers did so sweet rehearse,
 What time to Jove she sang his wayward state.
 How soft of love she tun'd the joy and pain!
 How dew-eyed pity brooded o'er the strain!
 Enchanting imp of bounteous heav'n,
 To thee each influence dear is given,
 Each throb of passion which the bosom sways,
 With magic touch thou then didst raise.

With side-long glance from down-cast eye
 The queen of love appears,
 Her bosom melting with the tender sigh;
 Attendant graces soften'd into tears,
 And drooping loves around her stand;
 With gentle sweep she wav'd her beaming hand:
 Lo! dark'ning bow'rs and dewy lawns appear,
 Entangled wilds, and streamlets clear,
 Whose gurgling waves the willow'd shores doth lave;
 And gloomy groves in velvet verdure wave.
 'Mid shades of myrtle green,
 Cupids in slyly-aiming groupes were seen.
 Thy soul-enerv'ing sound
 Softer than sorrows tears did fall;
 Each nerve to pity's gentle transports wound;
 Then doubling Echo faintly seem'd to call.

While hope thy mellow voice
 Deceiver of love's sorrow,
 Promis'd with a soothing grace,
 A fairer, happier morrow,
 The Lesbian maiden's woe
 Sorrow'd o'er thy melting strain;
 Thy string announc'd her bosom's throe,
 Her sighs her tears oft pour'd in vain,
 The soften'd tribes of heav'n did weep
 When from the high Leucadian steep
 Madness and hope the lyric maiden led.
 O! all ye light-wing'd hosts of love
 Your purple pinions labouring move;
 Bestow your feath'ry-buoyant aid;
 Uphold, uphold the falling maid.
 She too a child of song cou'd fling
 Passion's hot accents from the panting string.
 Cou'd work the captive heart to feel
 Love, and its fiery-madding zeal,
 Hang mists of transport o'er the swimming sight,
 And quell the ardent pulse in soft delight—
 Alas! the bubbling waves foam circling o'er her head.

Far 'bove the reach of mortal thought,
 To the long-destin'd act thy sounds gave life.
 'Till Mars whose breast reluctant felt,
 In new emotion strange did melt,

Shaking his sabling plumes upsprung
 In frantic haste, his eye-ball flung
 A lightening ray of strife.
 The gods recoil'd while mad he strove
 To smite the pensive string and stop the song of love.

Soon didst thou rouse congenial numbers.
 Hark! the drum in mellow thunders.
 List! the terror-flinging blast,
 Of the trumpet which quivers the soul.
 While shouts, sighs and groans,
 Dread express'd in thy tones,
 Thick-mingling affrightingly roll.
 The list'ning groupes look'd pale
 As thou sangst the sad tale
 Of Ilium blazing to the carnaged plain.
 Mars shouted mid the fancied war,
 And yok'd his death-enharness'd car,
 And leapt in joy exulting in the strain.

Forward the mighty passions crowd,
 The song of glory shouting loud.
 O! burst the laggard spells that bind
 In worthless peace the noble mind.
 Wake, wake the breath of valour's fife.
 Dauntless advance the gallant band;

Firm 'gainst the Persian host they stand.

Give to the rattling clarion life.

O'er the vast plain the storm afar

Impels the iron waves of war.

Brandish the ardent spear on high.

Dear are the crimson drops that fall !

Conquest awaits on freedom's call.

Happy to live, glorious to die.

Warm'd into concert by the kindling rhyme,

In martial mood the deeds of future time

The gods in solemn measure sung.

Even fear a momentary valour warm'd ;

He seem'd to scorn the mouthed scar ;

With steady step he mov'd half-arm'd,

And trail'd the bruising lance of war.

While with prophetic sounds the choral voices rung.

Call'd by their wounded country's breath

They'll bravely fall in many a heap.

Valour disdains the edge of death.

Beneath the goary turf they'll sleep.

Bright shall the plastic care of spring

Pour on the spot a flood of bloom ;

And summer pois'd on sunny wing,

With lustre paint the spacious tomb.

There freedom shall her noblest altar rear ;

And conquest there shall bend and drop the willing tear.

The voice of Jove demands another lay;
 And uprose Bacchus young and gay.
 Cheerly sounds the nimble measure,
 Brisk inspiring frolic pleasure.
 Grapes in lucid purple round
 Strew the fragrant-breathing ground.
 The god of joy his ivy crown
 Flung laughing down;
 With jocund grace the cluster'd sweets he tore,
 Squeezing the ruddy juices of the vine.
 While the rich flood young Hebe smiling bore,
 The balmy beverage for lips divine.
 When the pulse of Music's beating,
 Genial joys possess the heart.
 Pleasures crowding, cares retreating,
 Wine beguiles the bosom's smart.
 Broken lies the barb of anguish;
 Beauty fills the mantling bowl;
 While her eye's bewitching languish
 Wreathes enchantment round the soul.

Rous'd by the joyous lays
 A branch of vine each god did seize
 And aloft did madly wield.
 The rosy goblet high was fill'd and drain'd,
 Was fill'd and drain'd,

Their lips with purple stain'd
 Their breasts of thought beguiled.

The heavenly legends say
 'Twas on that blissful day,
 That Music's soft'ning pow'r
 With bounteous pulse had mov'd Jove's mighty breast;
 That from her lily-wreathed bower
 The angel mercy him addrest;
 While to the honied accents of her tongue
 The string a soft persuasive measure sung,
 And for the mortal state the minstrel claim'd.
 Yielding th' ethereal king decreed
 That she to earth should haply speed;
 And each diviner power the precious boon proclaim'd.

Each hallow'd instrument of sound
 Then many a godhead bore,
 Who came with her to earth of yore;
 While from the opening skies stole magic notes around.
 The goddess of the woodland joys
 Fill'd with a lively blast her horn.
 Health carol'd with her rose-lip'd boys;
 And blithsome echoes woke the morn.
 Jocund solacer of labour
 Brisk the dance-inspiring tabor,

Ceres woke in grateful song ;
 While chaplets thick of golden corn
 Her yellow tresses did adorn,
 And inwoven mid her hair
 Shone the poppy's rosy glare.
 The rustic children of the plain
 Upgazing heard the festive strain,
 And th' inspiring measure did prolong.
 Frolic Pan with swelling face
 Tun'd his reed in accents gay.
 Satyrs circling in light pace,
 Gambol'd down the airy way.
 Peace her smiles benignant shedding,
 Meek array'd in snow-white suit,
 Round her gentle numbers spreading,
 Touch'd her myrtle-wreathed lute.
 War in the rear thick clouds surrounding,
 In soften'd mood of freedom cheerly sung ;
 And stopt his rude-voic'd clarions sounding,
 While his unbuckled mail soft clattering loosely hung.
 Simplicity, fair child of light,
 Her primrose honours gayly held,
 Amid the concourse bright,
 Her pipe with nameless grace she swell'd.
 And many a fair uncounted throng,
 In crowds slow gliding travell'd to the song.

But who the beaming tribes of thought can tell
 Attendant on sweet Music's witching shell,
 When thro' the sundering clouds descending
 That roll'd in gold beneath her feet,
 While dulcet symphonies attending,
 They on her gaz'd with wishes sweet?
 And chiefly fair young fancy smil'd,
 In vest array'd of swiftly-changing dyes;
 She left her glittering wild
 And sped with Music from her native skies.
 And now her touch with careless grace wou'd raise
 Gay, and grave, and half-sung lays;
 And now with voluntaries sweet
 The list'ning ear would wildly greet.

Goddess of minstrelsy, whose dear controul
 In folds of joy can lap the yielding soul;
 Thou the sad heart can'st cheat of all its cares,
 And waft soft soothings on thy melting airs;
 Bend the rude soul to wish the gentle deed,
 And the hard heart at sorrow's tale to bleed.
 Happy the ear which drank the lays
 Thou sang'st in earlier days;
 Or heard the sweet link'd simple song,
 Which with a raptur'd hand
 Jubal o'er the peaceful land,
 Pour'd from his infant harp, and rapt the shepherd throng.

Dear is each legend of thy art
 Which swells the fair detail of antient times,
 When Thebes ^a rose proudly to creating rhimes;
 And the fierce tyger crouch'd with soften'd ^b heart.
 The monarch of the woodland reign,
 To soft delirium melted by the strain,
 His shaggy length relax'd displays;
 A sullen joy his half-shut eye betrays,
 And as the trancing strings the fingers kiss,
 He growls in calm delight or roars in savage bliss.

O'er the bright scroll of Grecian days
 Beams th' immortal glory of thy lays.
 Now breathe the notes in fancy's ear
 Which fury lull'd and eas'd the patriot's fear;
 When Spartan rage inflam'd by factious ire
 Was sooth'd to order by Terpander's ^c lyre,
 While bloody discord lost her sateless sting,
 And peace triumphant sang in concord with the string.

A prouder, yet a prouder tale.
 See th' embattled crowds that throng:
 They spread the eager sail,
 And ply th' impatient oar,
 Heated to glory by the sages ^d song.
 Th' abject law they spurn.
 With conquest how they burn!

The dread lance glitters on the shore.
 On Salamis they land ;
 And Vict'ry hails them on the bleeding strand.

Mid barren hills and desert shades,
 Uncultur'd vales and thorny glades,
 Th' Arcadian savage hapless toil'd ^e along,
 The victim of each impulse as it sway'd,
 Each passion glutted and each will obey'd.
 Oft the fell deed his goary hand imbru'd.
 Labour and want his weary limbs subdu'd.
 No rural sweets his dreary shed adorn,
 Hostile and forlorn,
 Selfish and sad the ruffian roam'd.
 No direr pest the forest own'd.
 'Till summon'd by the melting voice of song
 New pow'rs of soul awake,
 Spring into use and fairer views partake.
 Friendship, and love life's dearest charm,
 Dilate the heart, the bosom warm.
 Order uprears his guiding hand
 And Peace bedecks the smiling land.
 The smooth lawn swells in cultur'd green;
 Pomona paints the golden scene;
 And hamlets crowd the sloping ground ;
 And the reed breathes its past'ral sound.
 Pales and Pan in blended plenty reign ;
 And pregnant Ceres spreads the waving grain.

Thou sweet enchantress of the vocal lays,
 Who erst on old Ilyssus' classic shore,
 The honied strength of melody did'st raise,
 Alas! why art thou heard no more?
 Where is the soul-inspiring strain
 Which sounded loud o'er Marathon's dread ^f plain,
 When the pale millions swift gave way,
 Freedom's full hymn and Valour's roundelay?
 Ionian strains in languid cadence ^g roll,
 Amaze the ear, but feebly touch the soul.
 Timotheus swept the breathing ^h wire
 With softer hand and lighter grace;
 Then flew the vigour of the antient lyre;
 Enfeebled by the innovating race.
 In twisted lab'riths of fantastic sound
 Diffuse and lax th' intricate measures run.
 Monsters in harmony are ⁱ found,
 Which taste, simplicity, and sweetness shun.

Sound, sound the Spartan flute:
 Steady and cool the phalanx moves.
 The kindling trump is ^k mute;
 Too wild the ardour which it proves.
 Soften'd breathe the martial strains,
 Quelling the transports of the giddy brave.
 Valour a calmer impulse gains,
 Smiles at the mangled death and scorns the goary grave.

Nurse of heroes! Sparta simply great,
 Preserv'd in strength her free-soul'd state.
 And she of falling Greece alone
 The manly mind did proudly own;
 Repell'd each laggard minstrel's ¹ art,
 Who for the ear gave up the heart;
 She found that Music's melting cause
 Was wove in its effect with liberty and laws.
 O! maid divine whose blissful sway,
 The bards of old did rapt obey,
 To us no tempting hope remains
 To hear again thy simple strains.
 The glory-stirring call of yore,
 In Doric mode is heard no more.
 The Lydian strains which soft exprest
 The tort'ring tumults of the breast;
 When love did o'er its woes bewail,
 And sing the griefs inspir'd by beauty's eye;
 Or sorrow tell her mournful tale,
 With scalding tear and heavy-lifted sigh;
 No longer they in anguish flow
 Nor pour the varied themes of woe,
 The notes majestic, grave and clear,
 Smiting the heav'ns high-vaulted ear
 In Phrygian sweetness, now have ceas'd to sound,
 And waft the solemn hymn in harmony profound.

Yet as the blushing beds of flowers
 Possess the poet's musing hours,
 Fancy aloft on vital wing,
 May teach th' obedient muse to sing;
 And to her heart-deluding strains
 Cheating the ruffled bosom of its pains
 In the rapt ear may sound thy antient string,
 Kindling the luscious pageants of the mind:
 Such as in gorgeous dreams round Milton's head
 Wav'd, as he sate amid the cliffs sublime,
 Building the lofty ^m rhyme,
 'Mong tempests grandly dread;
 When to the gusty cadence of the wind,
 Huge oaks sang waving o'er the dizzy steep.
 During the pauses of the troubled day
 Burst the rich transports of thy heav'nly lay;
 While sister powers, fair Poesy divine
 And day-eyed Fancy did combine
 To teach the minstrel's hand a master's sweep,
 O'er the mighty-sounding wire;
 And Fame th' immortal accents blew accordant to his
 lyre.

Let us the thinking part of the people
 consider the great question of the
 future of our country. It is not
 only a question of the future of
 the country, but of the future of
 the world. It is a question of
 the future of the human race.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human mind. It is a question
 of the future of the human soul.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human body. It is a question
 of the future of the human heart.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human hand. It is a question
 of the future of the human foot.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human eye. It is a question
 of the future of the human ear.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human nose. It is a question
 of the future of the human mouth.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human tongue. It is a question
 of the future of the human throat.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human chest. It is a question
 of the future of the human stomach.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human liver. It is a question
 of the future of the human spleen.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human pancreas. It is a question
 of the future of the human gall bladder.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human intestines. It is a question
 of the future of the human rectum.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human anus. It is a question
 of the future of the human bladder.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human ureters. It is a question
 of the future of the human kidneys.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human urethra. It is a question
 of the future of the human penis.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human vagina. It is a question
 of the future of the human uterus.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human ovaries. It is a question
 of the future of the human fallopian tubes.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human cervix. It is a question
 of the future of the human uterus.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human vagina. It is a question
 of the future of the human uterus.
 It is a question of the future of
 the human vagina. It is a question
 of the future of the human uterus.

NOTES

ON THE

ODE TO MUSIC.

^a Amphion is said by the influence of Music to have built the walls of Thebes.

^b Orpheus by the melody of his lyre charmed brutes into gentleness and lulled their ferocity.

^c By the melody and sweetness of his Music Terpander subdued an insurrection at Sparta. Plutarch. de Mus. Diod. Sic. Fragm.

^d The inhabitants of Salamis, having revolted from the Athenians, allied themselves with the Megareans. Every attempt made by Athens to recover this island always terminated in defeat and disgrace; and in consequence of so many miscarriages, a law was passed by the people making it capital, for any person even to propose the renewal of this undertaking. Solon, not daring to oppose a law enacted with that rashness which characterises the acts of a legislating populace, adopted a successful expedient for avoiding its rigour. In order to have an adequate excuse for confinement he counterfeited madness, and during his retirement he composed such a poem as might excite in the people the sentiments most correspondent with his purpose. Seizing an opportunity of executing his intention, he ran into the agora, and there

sang his poem to the crowd. The people, animated by a generous and martial phrensy, annulled the law concerning Salamis; and a fresh expedition was decreed, in which the Athenians recovered the island. Plut. Justin. Thucydides, lib. ii.

e It is said by Polybius that the manners of the Arcadians were softened and civilized by music. In the most unpromising state of savage life they betrayed a sensibility of character, without which cultivation would be a hopeless undertaking. They were susceptible of the liveliest emotions from Music, and yielding to the frequent indulgence of its charms they became insensibly associated together, and discovering new wants and interests from the combinations produced by their relish for musical pleasure, they eventually ripened into urbanity and civilization.

f About the time of the victory of Marathon the Grecian Music was in its perfection of simplicity, strength, and sweetness.

g The Ionians, who without a struggle yielded their liberties to the Persians, possessed the most delicious regions of Greece. They were the first who accommodated their musical compositions to the enervate feebleness of their national character. Plut.

h Timotheus, an Ionian, was one of the most successful innovators upon the manly energy of antient Music, which he sacrificed to the light brilliant ornaments preferred by the debauched taste of his country. Plut. de Mus.

i It was said by one of the old Grecian dramatists that Music was as fertile in monsters as Lybia.

^k It was usual with the Lacedemonians to march to battle to the sound of flutes. The intention in preferring these to more animating instruments of sound was, to keep the impatient ardour of the Spartan youth subdued by their softness. The trumpet, which was too likely to provoke their martial heat, was upon this account rejected. Thucyd. Plutarch. de Ira.

^l When Timotheus was heard at Sparta, a charge was alledged against him by the kings and the Ephori expressed in a decree which they issued. In this they accused him of having corrupted the simplicity and dignity of the antient Music; and of endeavouring to relax the morals of the Spartan youth by the effeminate softness of his performances. He was therefore commanded to lessen the number of strings in his lyre.—This was about the time when the bravery of the Spartans terminated the long Peleponnesian war by the victory at Ægos Potami, and the capture of Athens.

^m He knew how
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.

Milton's Lycidas.

It is well known that the human mind is capable of receiving
and retaining impressions of objects in a manner which is not
immediately apparent to the senses. The impressions which are
received by the mind are not always of the same kind, and
they are not always of the same degree. Some impressions are
strong and lasting, while others are weak and fleeting.

The human mind is also capable of receiving impressions
which are not of the same kind as those which are received
by the senses. These impressions are called "ideas" and they
are of two kinds: "concrete" and "abstract". Concrete ideas
are those which are derived from the senses, and they are
of the same kind as the impressions which they receive. Abstract
ideas, on the other hand, are those which are derived from
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ODE TO WAR.

Phœbus volentem prælia me loqui
Victas et urbes increpuit lyra.

HOR.

WHO from the floated field shall seize
Thy blood-stain'd trump and swell its strain,
With all thy goary woes dread war,
And chill with fright the shrinking plain?
To Mæon's bard such pow'r did erst belong,
'Twas his with kindling blast to pour the brazen song.

Thou crimson-handed giant wild!
 Thee pale Revenge to mad Ambition bore;
 With horrid grace gaunt Murder proudly smiled;
 The fiends in hideous joy did roar.
 Around thy gleamy couch in howling bands
 The flame-eyed furies joyous stood;
 With shafts of death they armed thy hands,
 And bath'd thy limbs in infants' blood.
 Phrenzy and slaughter with their rav'nous crowd
 In deaf'ning sounds their mad song shouted loud.

Ha! now on the Muse's eye
 Thy scowling visions roll;
 Unveiling clouds expose thee high,
 Blank terror numbs the soul.
 How grimly lours thy ruthless form
 Borne amid the deathful storm
 On desolation's withering wing!
 Blown by sad-drooping widows' sighs,
 Thy blood-roll'd mantle backward flies,
 And thy mail'd limbs unnumber'd horrors fling.

Scar'd by thy phrenzied glance,
 And death-illumin'd lance,
 Thy crest engrain'd with terrors dread,
 And lurid clouds half cincturing thy head,

Peace drops in fear her myrtle wand;
 Her turtle wing she waves in dread,
 And leads her olive-wreathed band
 To woodland gloom and sylvan shed.

The cheering voice of joy is mute;
 Love melts not now the soul away.
 Dim are the charms which woke the lute,
 And cold the hand which pour'd the lay.
 His bleeding friends the swain bemoans,
 While shouts and groans burst o'er his ear.
 No radiant blush the prospect owns,
 But idly rolls th' unheeded year.
 The town that sinks in less'ning blaze
 Sad tribes forsake in wailing noise;
 There hundred-handed rapine raves,
 And all the sculptur'd pomp of life destroys.

Hark! how thy death-hoof'd steeds
 In thunder beat the plain,
 Aloft they toss the frantic head
 And goary-dropping mane,
 Outstripping winter's fleetest wind.
 In vain with lovely-suing face
 And every sweet-arresting grace
 Tir'd Mercy calls behind.

In vain the drops from Pity's eye,
 The wasted legions yielding fly.
 While many an helm'd youth and sage,
 The hope of life, the grace of age,
 Low sink before the pressing spear.
 Alas! how little doth avail
 The breast to melt at Sorrow's tale,
 The mind perhaps to Science dear.

Oh! stay that lifted blade
 That brandish'd darts a crimson gleam.
 The wounded youth now prostrate laid,
 Ah! spare, nor pour the vital stream.
 His eye upturn'd bespeaks the pray'r,
 And Hope yet whispers length of days.
 A generous foe will ever spare,
 And mercy makes the soldier's praise—
 O shame!—the mad barbarian's blow
 Plunges to death his better foe.

List! o'er the groaning field
 Rings the rude accent of the beaten shield.
 Now raves the uproar of the lowering train,
 In havoc thund'ring o'er the smoaky plain.
 Now swells the shout the laggard heart to cheer—
 There the sharp scream of dizzy fear.

See Valour blushing at the flight,
 Alone withstands the vengeful fight,
 Dealing around the opening blow—
 His deep-gor'd crest, alas! lies low.
 And while his shortly-ling'ring breath
 Hangs o'er the gloomy brink of death,
 Conquest with glory raps his languid eyes;
 He feebly grasps his spear and wishes as he dies.

Come, gentle Beauty, come with pensive tread,
 Bend o'er the turf where rests the soldier's head.
 Let maiden bands drop o'er the clotted bier
 The precious tribute of a lucid tear.
 When the pale Morn her bluey light shall spread,
 When tender Eve her dark'ning ray shall shed,
 Let virgin hands adorn the sainted scene,
 Teach aptest boughs to shade the warrior's shrine;
 Bid the fresh laurel wave its sober green,
 And round its trunk the silver lily twine.
 So Nature wills her sweeter flow'rs to wind
 Round Valour's arm and lov'd protection find.

Sweet were the golden days of yore
 When Time was young and led each hour
 On infant step throughout his round.

Then o'er the newly-blooming land
 The virtues went a wandering band;
 And Peace, and Joy, and fair Content,
 O'er laughing realms together went.
 Then holy lays the shepherds sung,
 To themes divine the harp was strung,
 And choral voices swell'd the solemn sound:
 Till thou, grim War, with rending hand,
 Broke through each soft and social band
 Which link'd the rural world;
 Of Stygian woof thy standard dire unfurl'd;
 What time the regal fray
 In Siddim's vale deep-stain'd the woful day.

Where is the bard can hope to trace
 From thence thy redd'ning footsteps way?
 Tune to thy varied ills the lyre,
 And lift the mighty lay?
 Recount each act disastrous o'er
 Which loads with rude detail historic lore?
 And pond'ring o'er th' affrighting page,
 Each nobler impulse close engage?
 Or wake the vigour of the Grecian shell,
 Bid the coarse theme with antient glory swell?
 As when the Muse's dulcet breath
 Pour'd endless charms on Freedom's holy death.

Or who low scorning humbler fame,
 May hope of that celestial flame
 One spark, whose heat etherial shed
 Eternal rays on Milton's head?
 He who the sounding spheres among,
 Uprais'd beyond all mortal sight,
 Trill'd on the list'ning world the Doric song,
 And told the wonders of the angel fight.
 He who foremost of the seraph band,
 Heaven's deep organ struck with mighty hand.

Or if by some delusion sweet,
 Fancy my ear in magic wile shou'd greet,
 With strains sublime as Gray was wont to deal;
 Even then a weak but kindred fire,
 May rouse the corded bosom of the lyre,
 And happier lays and nobler aims reveal.

Where the wild Ocean's foam-crisp'd wave
 The shaggy cliff doth roaring beat,
 O'er the loose crags the billows lave,
 There shou'd the Muse possess the dizzy seat;
 Hid from the vulgar eye, no little theme
 Shou'd mock the grandeur of the frowning scene;
 But the impulsive string shou'd sound
 The wasting deeds of War around;

Shou'd sing of Valour's noble rage,
 And the fine soul to acts heroic warm;
 Each glorious passion of the heart engage,
 Ambition's splendor and Fame's dazzling charm.
 There oft peruse the scroll of blushing time
 Which Fancy, sweetest imp divine,
 In pensive stand
 Points with ever-radiant hand;
 Where many a well-fought deed is told,
 From ruthless acts atchieved of old,
 To fields of glory when by Conquest led
 Old Albion's laurell'd bands with Eirin's sons have bled.

Yet, yet aloof be all thy iron train,
 Infuriate War! nor come with blighting tread;
 Ne'er of its sweetness strip the painted plain,
 Nor render desolate the rural shed.
 Now from our isles thy dreary aspect bear.
 But shou'd Freedom in thy watchful ear
 E'er sound the full alarm;
 Then seemly shall thy front appear,
 No terrors glitter in thy spear,
 Nor horrors wreathe thy arm.
 But Honour's proudly-gilding hand
 A deathless meed shall give each daring band,

And deck with stern grace the soldier's scar;
Then Victory fresh wreaths shall bring,
Shed glories from his vivid wing,
And conqu'ring legions shout the dang'rous joys of war.





ODE TO THE MORNING.

O! THOU who wrap'st the infant day
In varied robe of blushing gray,
Whose dewy tresses wreath'd with light,
Wave bright'ning o'er the mountain's height,
Who wak'st the vap'ry-skirted vale
To songful life, fair Morning hail!
Yok'd with bonds of beamy red,
The blushing hours and pleasures lead

Thy gemmy car, while the young ray
 Gilds softly o'er the op'ning day,
 And lights upon the dew-prest flow'r,
 The pouring stream, or ivied tow'r.

Lo! Zephyr now thy wand'ring child,
 Couching amid the violets wild,
 Bathes his young wing in scented dew,
 And brisk his fragrant toil renews,
 Sweeps lightly o'er the breathing scene
 And wakens all his breezy train.
 Go, airy band, swift speed away,
 Collect each dawning charm of day,
 Each luscious sweet insatiate sip
 And pour it on my Julia's lip.
 Light as her morning dreams repair,
 Throng gently round my slumb'ring fair;
 Soft on her pillow whispering stand,
 Say that ere Morn's orient hand
 Had painted gay the fields of light,
 Cold dripping with the damps of night,
 Pensive beside this desert stream
 I've sigh'd and call'd on Julia's name.



Pub: by E. & S. Harding July 4th 1796.

ODE TO THE EVENING.

WRAPT in thy air-wrought mantle blue
With cincture girt of glittering dew;
Led by the calm soft-footed gale,
Meek Eve, thy lov'd return I hail:
While sunk below the ethereal steep
The Sun descends to golden sleep,
And flings his last refracted beam
Up the vast slope with ruddy gleam.

The pensive hours on dark'ning wing,
 Now faintly wheel their twilight ring;
 And dimpled joys excursive stray
 Thro' the soft arch of fading day.
 The chauntress of the copses green
 Trills her thick-warbled note unseen;
 And sylvan pipe and pastoral song
 In mingled measures steal along,
 Gray-hooded Eve! with soothing pow'r,
 To bless thy sweetly-solemn hour.

When the lone village pilgrim strays
 Uncertain o'er the twilight ways;
 And blue-hair'd fays in circles tread
 O'er the moist cowslip's velvet head;
 Me lead, thou saintly nymph serene,
 To seek the long sequester'd scene;
 And chiefly too that haunted place,
 Where claspt in ivy's wild embrace,
 The abbey's wall slow-mouldering stands,
 The drear abode of shadowy bands;
 Which village legends say have been
 There at thy dubious hour oft seen;
 When the cowl'd monk of darken'd times
 Fleets o'er the seat of long past crimes;

And spectry forms of cloister'd maids
 In sorrow bow their pensive heads.
 For no loud rustic revels there
 Thy pensive votaries shall scare,
 When the black wing of Silence spread
 Waves o'er the musing thought-prest head.
 And when thou droop'st in languid plight
 Into the starry lap of night,
 Slow let me tread the moon-light plain,
 To pause in sweetly sadder strain;
 For there the soft-soul'd Muse shall rove
 And melting tune her lute to love;
 And there my lyre in concord string
 Of Julia's countless charms to sing.
 O! woud'st thou Eve, to love a friend,
 Some dewy-feather'd herald send
 To meet my Julia in the grove,
 And sing unseen how much I love;
 To tell her with a fairy's art,
 How full the throb which swells my heart—
 By Spring's green tresses now I swear,
 By all the sweets which paint the year,
 By the love-lorn shepherd's sigh,
 By the soft might of Julia's eye,
 A lovely band of village maids,
 And simple hinds with blooming wreaths,

Shou'd raise to thee an altar trim,
And laud thee with a rural hymn,
Soon as thou com'st on sandals gray,
To close the balmy eyelids of the day.





ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

LAMP of the silent shade, whose ray
 Soft o'er the leaf's green bosom spread,
 Lights oft the wandering fairy's way,
 When Folly and her train are fled,
 And Night's cold sighs are breath'd around;
 Much dost thou soothe the down-cast eye,
 When pale-cheek'd Melancholy
 Steps o'er the dews in thought profound.

What shepherd reed or virgin tongue,
 Which sorrow'd all the list'ning vale,
 When of the woes of love it sung,
 Thy lonely beam shall sweetly hail?
 Lo! the sweet minstrel of the night
 Warbles her song for thee prepar'd,
 Thy radiance views with breast unscar'd,
 And melting loves thy gentle light.

The soul to ruder aims inclin'd,
 May shun thy shining sylvan rest;
 Thy glow ne'er charm'd the vulgar mind,
 Or lull'd to peace th' unfeeling breast.
 The pensive pleasures of thy hour
 The mind to love and pity warm,
 And highest thought, shall ever charm,
 And melt such souls with happiest pow'r.

When o'er the lover's grassy tomb
 Her chilly tears still night shall shed,
 There oft thou'lt make a little noon
 O'er the bright turf with dew bespread.
 And there the maid whose aching breast
 Nor peace nor ease can ever know,
 Shall steal one thought from pining woe,
 And wish thy light for ever blest.

For thee the merry elves shall raise
Of fairest buds an altar gay,
And bounding quick to blithsome lays,
Shall gambol in thy tiny ray.
Lov'd insect! may thy tinsel beam
Unrifled by the queen of night,
Ne'er fade within her greater light,
But shelter'd shine with modest gleam.

The largest leaves the seasons spread
Meek fays for thee shall hoard with care,
Bathed in dews to form thy bed,
When sweeping Winter frights the air.
So when life's rude storms assail,
May suffering Virtue ever find
Safe shelter from the pitying mind,
Nor sink beneath the ruthless gale!

I am glad to hear that you are well and
that you are still in the same place.
I am glad to hear that you are well and
that you are still in the same place.
I am glad to hear that you are well and
that you are still in the same place.

I am glad to hear that you are well and
that you are still in the same place.
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that you are still in the same place.



ODE TO HOPE.

DAUGHTER of faith and young delight,
 Who thro' the wint'ry gloom of woe,
 With gleams of gay delusive light,
 Dost painted prospects shew;
 Fair-handed Hope for many a day
 The wanderer Thought thou'st led astray;
 While ever to the longing eyes
 Thy distant visions tempting rise.

Along the road of life appear
 Thy smiling pageants as we roam;
 The primrose path, the mountain drear,
 Thy promis'd blessings own.
 Her misty shroud tho' sadness spread,
 And dimly wrap the suffering head,
 Yet all it's folds canst thou destroy
 And ope the eye to distant joy.

Oft o'er Misery's palest hues
 Reflection's eye can loitering find,
 The blush and tint thou dost diffuse
 To cheat the pensive mind.
 To Sorrow's winter thou can'st bring
 The roseate bloom of Pleasure's spring:
 Her blackest cloud with wailing fill'd,
 It's edge thy golden light can gild.

See on the grating bed of pain
 The aching wretch in anguish lie;
 Ne'er shall he see the skies again!
 Dim sinks his glassy eye.
 Hope waves her hand, and health appears
 Leading a joyous crowd of years;
 And at the baffling dream the while,
 Life sheds her last and languid smile.

Shut from the sun and vernal gale,
 A weed from social culture thrown,
 Hope's ray illumines the captive pale,
 And mercy hears his moan;
 Soft feels the harsh and clanking chain,
 His soul in freedom laughs again;
 The painted meads breathe new perfume,
 The liveried world is dress'd in bloom.

Sweet sounds the shepherd's oaten reed,
 Hope wakes the softly-am'rous strain;
 His wounded heart has ceas'd to bleed,
 Tho' beauty mock'd his pain.
 The darling cheats that glad his mind,
 Conceal the slighted fate behind:
 For soon the yellow broom shall wave
 And with'ring strew his early grave.

Wreath'd with many a garland gay
 The hours of Hope their race will run,
 When bright the meeds of glory play,
 In youth's gay-dazzling sun.
 Yet seen in life's maturer day,
 The magic scenes will melt away;
 And to the joy-less eye of care,
 Leave the rude view expos'd and bare.

Where Hope is all the whisper'd good
 Which ting'd with joy youth's artless day,
 When launching on life's guiley flood,
 Thou deck'd'st the bark so gay?
 Soft-breathing calms and golden skies?
 Darkling the howling tempests rise,
 Envy's shrill hiss and slander's blast,
 And all the pictur'd shore's o'ercast.

Why darting from thy native skies,
 With Mercy's speed did'st thou not run,
 When Genius call'd with thrilling cries,
 To save her wayward son?
 Why didst thou not on toiling wing
 Thy most entrancing visions bring,
 And Oh! the baleful draught destroy,
 And bind to life the Muse's boy?^a

To poverty with haggard stare,
 By distance shrunk thy charms appear;
 And the strain'd orb of mad despair,
 O'erlooks the comfort near.
 The fever'd soul thou can'st not calm,
 Nor drop on wounded pride the balm;

^a Chatterton.

And cloy'd disgust his relish o'er,
Thy fairy banquet tastes no more.

Yet come with thy perpetual spring,
And all the future fair adorn;
O'er the wild waste thy verdure fling;
With roses shade the thorn.
Dear are the days when hand in hand,
Thou cam'st with love with graces bland—
Long have I sat th' unheeded day,
And seen thy lovely phantoms play.

Where the green wood his branching arms
Wide tosses to the evening air,
Musing I've view'd lov'd Julia's charms,
And claspt th' emblissing fair.
Each ardent step tho' fortune staid,
To all thy earlier beck'nings made,
Yet shall the ray thy bright eye gave
Light me to scenes beyond the grave.

And they'd dispute his right to be
 The only person to be
 Yet come with thy perpetual spring
 And all the future (say what's true)
 O'er the wild waste (say what's true)
 With roses shade the trees, and birds
 Their are the days when birds in flight
 Thou canst not with love with grace bind.

Long have I set this world to rest
 And seen the lovely phantom play
 Where the green wood his laughing eyes
 While comes to the evening air
 Missing I've seen I love's change
 And change the laughing face of all
 Each ancient step the forest made
 To all the earlier back might make.

Yet shall the ray the bright eye gave
 Light me to scenes beyond the grave.



ODE TO LOVE.

Μῶνος γὰρ τᾶτων πάντων οἴῃκα κρατύνεις. ORPHEUS.

FROM thy soft shades of myrtle green,
 Where flow'rs of brightest dyes are seen
 Painting the richly-blushing ground,
 Come Love, and quit thy balmy bed;
 Nor press the violet's gentle head,
 But shake thy wings, which scatter sighs around.

If wrapt in blessings thou do'st lie,
 Warm'd by the beam of Julia's eye,
 And basking in its luscious light
 In dang'rous ease upon her breast;
 O! quickly leave thy trancing rest,
 And steal from thence new treasures of delight.

Let Pity's hand thy shaft prepare,
 Her soft sighs wing it thro' the air,
 And gently deal the bosom's pain.
 Then sweetly sad the fault'ring tongue
 Mingling at eve its tender song,
 With Philomel's shall own thy welcome reign.

The breast which thou hast never warm'd,
 The higher senses ne'er have charm'd,
 It's pulse no softer passion mov'd.
 The grateful pang thy arrow deals,
 Fair virtue's touchstone but reveals
 The throb by which the purer heart is prov'd.

Soft wishes in an eager band
 Await thy arrow-bearing hand,
 And oft beguile the victim's smart;
 While cheated fancy at a bound,
 Springs over fate's dividing mound,
 And clasps the lovely object to the heart.

Dear is the blushing virgin's wile,
 O'er purpos'd frowns when beams the smile,
 And vows are check'd with chidings sweet;
 When soft-forc'd kisses trembling move,
 Th' affected fears to melt in love,
 And struggling laughter tells the light deceit.

The sweet-voic'd minstrels of the spring
 To thee, O Love! high-pluming sing,
 In melting notes the live-long day.
 The monster in his oozy bed,
 The brindled tribes in desarts dread,
 In soften'd instincts own thy boundless sway.

When youth began her purple reign,
 Ilen's clear wave has heard thy strain,
 From simple reed in transport sung.
 Far from her shores in riper flame,
 I've chaunted angel Julia's name,
 While brighter scenes in tender echoes rung.

While life swift speeds on doubtful wing,
 Thy passion'd sway shall pleasures bring:
 In youth it swells my glowing breast.
 If down on age's dusky stream
 I e'er shou'd glide, the yet sweet theme
 Shall memory sing to soothe my way to rest.

There is the blinding light of the sun
 Our hearts are drawn to that bright sun
 And we are drawn to that bright sun
 We are drawn to that bright sun
 To that bright sun is our heart drawn
 And we are drawn to that bright sun

The sun is the light of the world
 To that I have my heart drawn
 In nothing more than the sun
 The sun is the light of the world
 The sun is the light of the world
 The sun is the light of the world

When the sun is shining
 The sun is the light of the world
 The sun is the light of the world
 The sun is the light of the world
 The sun is the light of the world
 The sun is the light of the world

The sun is the light of the world
 The sun is the light of the world
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 The sun is the light of the world



Stothard del

Pub. 1 May 1796. by E & H Harding Pall Mall

Harding sc

ODE TO YOUTH.

Πριν εμε φθάση το τέλος
 Παιζω, γελασω χορευσω—
 Ο' θανών ἐκ επιθυμῆι.

ANACREON.

IMP of bloom with heavenly face,
 Laughing Youth, thy roseate grace
 Bear not with swift hand away,
 Let thy purple blessings stay,
 Lingering o'er my cheek awhile,
 Brighten'd by thy giddy smile:

And now o'er my ripening head
Thy rosy dew's abundant shed.

Much I love thy fairy reign,
And thy lovely smiling train.
Health the mountain cherub brings,
The gather'd virtues of her springs,
And follows thee thy summer day,
O'er the wild heath's scented way.

Thought escap'd from timid care,
Roves with Fancy free as air;
Wrapt within her mantle gay,
Blithe he laughs thy reign away.
All creation's hand supplies,
Shine in gaily mingled dyes.
Earth in rapture then is seen
Clothed in her vivid green;
Untaught Wonder wild surveys,
All her sweets with ceaseless gaze.

Then bright Hope's thy season fair,
Soothing every infant care;
While mocking light the young desires
Thy lov'd perspective still retires.
Then love o'er the subject heart,
Acts the wayward monarch's part;

Dims with tears the downcast eye,
 And frights the bosom with a sigh.
 But of all th' enchanting train,
 Youth, with thee that tread the plain,
 My wish'd-for fate be it to prove
 The blended woes and joys of love.

Fair child of life, thy vernal sway
 Now fancy holds in dear delay—
 Now my cheeks assume thy glow,
 Now my pulses quicker flow.
 Hence the chilling frowns of care
 Liquid blessings swift prepare.
 Waving glad his vine-stain'd wings,
 Mirth the modest goblet brings,
 In which temperance has quafft;
 Riot scouts the stinted draught.
 O'er its rosy-mantling breast
 Cherub joys gay-sipping rest.
 Balmy vapours slow arise,
 Thickly curling to the skies.

Beaming Youth, O! hither bring
 All the flow'ring sweets of spring;
 Tear from his brows the cyons gay,
 Bear his blushing babe away,

The tender rose, and with them twine
 Tendrils of the creeping vine;
 And weave the emblematic crown,
 To gaily deck my tresses brown.

Swell the viol's merry note,
 Let gay measures round me float,
 Breathing rapture Music charms,
 Pure as angel virtue's smiles;
 She the rudest soul disarms,
 And the melting heart beguiles.

Hither buxom virgin rove,
 Bring the cluster'd joys of love,
 Downy cheeks of roseate dyes,
 Softly melting witching eyes,
 Lovely heart-ensnaring wiles,
 And fascinating hosts of smiles.
 Wreathe me with soft arms around
 In delicious bondage bound,
 Till Love and Prudence hand in hand,
 Ope the sweetly-dangerous band.

While thy genial hour remains,
 Wake again the frolic strains;
 Let the lyre to themes be strung,
 Such as the Teian poet sung.

Come, let new joys fast thronging crowd,
Since life is but an evening cloud,
Ruddied by Youth's parting ray,
Which age's twilight wing o'erspreading dims away.



Come in tonight and see the new
 show we have in the new
 building by the old
 W. H. 1875 in the new building

The new building
 is now open
 and we have
 a new show
 in the new
 building

The new building
 is now open
 and we have
 a new show
 in the new
 building
 The new building
 is now open
 and we have
 a new show
 in the new
 building

The new building
 is now open
 and we have
 a new show
 in the new
 building

ELEGIAC ODES.

Ἀλλ' ὅμως εὐχορδὸν ἐγείρει λύραν
καὶ παλαισμάτων λαβεῖ φρον

Τ/δ.

PINDAR.

ELLEGIAC ODES

ALL THAT IS GREAT AND GOOD

IS HERE IN A NEW EDITION

BY THE AUTHOR



ODE I.

THE dewy ray from Pity's eye
 Which pours the tear and lifts the sigh,
 Shall melt each tender breast;
 For virgins fair the knell have rung,
 And sadly-flowing dirges sung,
 To Mary's angel rest.

O'er the green heap in sadness made,
 Where all her faded charms are laid,

Soft maids and hinds shall bend,
 While Sorrow's mists shall dim the eye,
 The prayer shall mingle with the sigh,
 Which mourns the virgin friend.

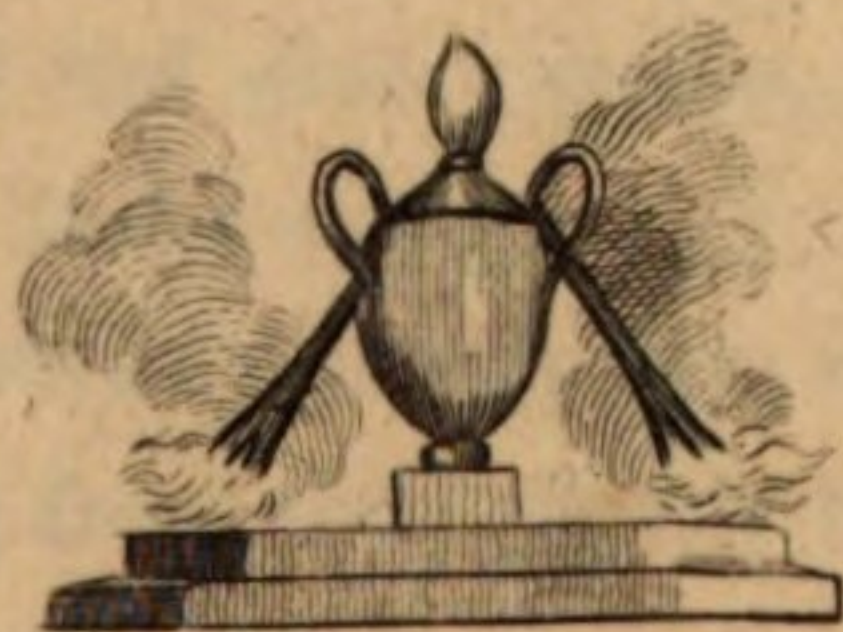
To purple life tho' Morning springs,
 And Pleasure waves her gemmy wings
 And becks the rural train,
 Yet she who fairer than the morn
 Each village pastime did adorn,
 Low lies beneath the plain.

Lamented Maid! thy soften'd mind,
 And various charms of angel kind,
 Remembrance holds most dear.
 Thy tongue, which Pity's precepts told,
 Which sweetest truths cou'd once unfold,
 Still speaks in Sorrow's ear.

Ere Twilight's dark'ning hand shall shade
 The fading lawn or dusky glade,
 What time the owlet flies,
 The love-lorn maid shall seek thy tomb,
 And pond'ring o'er thy mourned doom,
 Each thought shall purer rise.

That place a sacred spot shall be,
For elfin lays and minstrelsy
Soft play'd by hands unseen,
The pensive fays shall there resort,
And sheeny bands shall cease to sport,
And shun their moon-light green.

There shall each swain whose breast can feel
Pity's soft pang or Love's sweet zeal,
At night's lone hour appear;
There oft shall fall the dews of Woe,
There Summer's sweets shall lovelier blow,
Enrich'd by Sorrow's tear.



That place a second time shall see
 For then last and eternally
 And play'd by hands unseen
 The promise that shall there be made
 And thereby shall come to pass
 And then their punishment given
 There shall each avoid whose heart is true
 His soul being on Love's sweet road
 At night's last hour shall see
 That all shall fall and down in one
 There however's sweet shall for ever flow
 Brought by Love's hand
 And I shall see all things
 And then shall see all things
 The great and the small
 Which were before the world began
 All things in Love's hand
 And I shall see all things
 The falling down of the world
 When the world shall be
 The heaven and the earth shall be
 And I shall see all things
 That shall be in the world



ODE II.

WHERE Lee slow winds his crystal deep,
In many a full and silvery sweep,
His blooming banks along,
His weed-crown'd minstrels bow the head,
And crowding from their pebbly bed,
Soft swell the mourning song.

Their airy harps thy loss deplore,
Blest shade! for on their fairy shore
Ne'er dwelt so lov'd a maid.

Thy beauty joy'd the eye of Youth;
 Thy tongue, which charm'd the ear of Truth,
 The gifted mind display'd.

Her golden dreams for thee hope drew,
 And distant scenes of loveliest hue,
 With faithless charms o'erspread.
 But Fate with gentle hand thee bore,
 When holiest pleasures evermore
 Float round thy sainted head.

Though village maids o'er thy new grave
 Green wreaths of myrtle sorrowing weave
 In many a weeping train;
 Tho' Sorrow sits opprest and mute,
 And Pity tunes her melting lute
 In sweetly-broken strain;

Yet may the friend in sadness know
 Each wanderer thro' this path of woe,
 Finds rest but in the tomb;
 And now o'erpast the awful bound,
 Thou pilgrim sweet! with blessings crown'd,
 Enjoyest virtue's doom.

So fades the glittering star of night,
 When thickening clouds obscure its light,

And shrouding darkness reigns;
 Yet when young Morn her blushes spreads,
 Again a fairer glow it sheds,
 Soft-gleaming o'er the plains.

Long o'er thy charms of happiest kind
 In pensive mood the tender mind
 Shall fondly love to dwell.
 Pale Solitude to drop a tear
 To thy lone grave shall oft repair,
 And quit her woodland cell.

The songful Genius of thy land,
 Shall string her harp with peaceful hand,
 And frequent requiems raise;
 And there the shadowy tribes of night,
 And maiden forms in sadden'd plight
 Shall accent soft thy praise.

Lo! hand in hand a weeping pair
 By fancy led old Wisdom there,
 Low bends a hermit mild;
 Feebly he grasps his sable stole,
 To wipe the hast'ning tears which roll
 In sorrow for his child.

The flowering turf spread o'er thy breast,
 By little hands at evening drest,
 Shall bloom in lasting dyes;
 Her sweets the lavish year shall shed,
 When Spring with garlands wreathes her head
 'Till drooping Winter sighs.





COLLIN'S GRAVE.

Now Twilight's fairy hand had dress'd
In cobweb robe the eve,
The moon had flung a silver ray
Which kiss'd the sleeping wave;

And all was hush'd save Philomel,
Who pour'd her woe-born lay;
When Phœbe sought the dewy sod
Which wrapt poor Collin's clay.

O'er its pale breast the pensive maid
 With wat'ry eye did bend;
 In tones as soft as angel's sighs
 She thus bewail'd her friend.

Ah! Collin, thou'rt for ever gone,
 Of each gay groupe the boast;
 And every maid and village hind
 Now feels a brother's lost.

Dull and unconscious is thy heart,
 Where each soft impulse glow'd;
 Lost ev'ry fine and tender sense,
 'Tis now an earthy clod!

Yet Collin once thy rosy hours
 Danc'd fairy-footed on,
 Contentment gave thy face its smile,
 And Mirth awak'd thy song.

Ere oped the pearly eye of morn,
 We've heard thy pipe's soft lay;
 Thou too our rural dances rous'd,
 Ere sunk the closing day.

How sad to pause on pleasures past,
 When Memory paints the scene,

And Sorrow mellowing ev'ry tint,
Points out—what once has been!

For ever hated be that day,
Let all the village weep,
And when the year shall roll it round,
A sorrowing vigil keep.

When rapt with Delia's form thou fel'st
The magic of her eye,
And tranc'd with all her bloomy charms,
Slow rais'd th' unheeded sigh.

Then did the silken might of love
Close bind thy tender breast:
The cherub pow'rs of Delia's face
Thy frequent praise confest.

The primrose dress'd in morning dew,
Look'd not more mildly gay;
Yet not one soft or pitying sense
Within her bosom lay.

Dull pride had numb'd her callous heart,
She scorn'd thy honest tale;
When sighing thou went'st up the hill,
She sang adown the vale.

For many a long and languid day
 Upon the wood-moss laid,
 The passing hinds have often heard
 Thee praise the scorning maid.

And when by yellow Autumn blown,
 O'er thee the pale leaf fell,
 The serious moral thou woud'st draw,
 And thy sad fate foretell.

Soon o'er thy cheek his fading hand
 Disease did slowly wave;
 Unpitying Delia saw thee bend,
 And sink into the grave.

Alas! not friendship, Heaven's sweet balm!
 Cou'd stay thy hast'ning end,
 But Death soon robb'd thee of thy woes,
 And Phœbe of a friend.

While fancied sounds of plaintive woe
 Shall strike her list'ning ear,
 Delia shall often start, and think
 Thy form aerial near.

Her sicken'd mind shall ever draw
 Thee pale before her eyes,

And every changing scene but shew
Thee following as she flies.

What tho' the sigh or wailing voice
Can't soothe the death-cold ear,
Yet this lone spot at evening's hour,
Shall catch my falling tear.

Spring's dewy hand with flow'rets wild,
Shall dress thy grassy bed;
And weeping maids shall point the stone
Where rests thy lowly head.

Thus Phœbe sighed: the village muse
Recording did attend,
To sing the lasting tender zeal
Which marks the FEMALE FRIEND.



OWEN AND ELLEN.

CHILL blew the breath of early dawn,
 And blueness bleak the sky o'erspread,
 When anxious Ellen trod the lawn,
 To seek her Owen's rural shed.

Tho' Ellen was the sweetest maid
 That ever woke Love's softest sigh;
 Yet now the rose of Health did fade,
 And languid look'd her melting eye.

Once the gay morn of Beauty rose
 With tenderest bloom o'er Ellen's face;
 Yet Love with all his witching woes,
 With paler hues toucht every grace.

Full shone the roseate rays of youth
 O'er Owen's form of manly kind;
 But Passion warp'd the bonds of Truth,
 And soft deceits usurp'd his mind.

And many a soft and cheating wile
 He frequent used with stealing art;
 And now the sigh, and now the smile,
 And vows of love won Ellen's heart.

And where the vale flowers bloom so gay,
 Beneath the woodbine's luscious shade,
 Oh virgins, mourn the hapless day
 He triumph'd o'er the yielding maid!

The melting heart that fondly bends,
 To list to Falsehood's tinsel song,
 Will feel too soon the pang that rends,
 When Truth proclaims the tender wrong.

Wild dreams had broken Ellen's rest,
 With grief she heard each new delay,

When'er the youth she winning prest
To name the promis'd bridal day.

You, who have lov'd, can hapless tell
The sick'ning storm that wrecks the heart;
What mingled throbs the bosom swell
When doubts arise and hopes depart.

No tender raptures e'er can warm
The torpid breast untoucht by fear:
Falsehood in smiles, alas! may charm,
But truth is utter'd in a tear.

Now had the bells in pealing round
Smote Ellen's ear in measures gay;
Her heart disclaims the gladsome sound,
While pensive still she winds her way.

'Twas faithless Owen's nuptial hour
Which early rous'd the festal strain,
Another maid of larger dower
Had wedded now the sordid swain.

What tongue that utter'd Sorrow's tale,
The sadd'ning truth can tender tell,
The whelming grief of Ellen pale,
When o'er the turf she fainting fell?

The visions drear which anguish drew,
 With pleasures past in sadness hung?
 What scenes did memory then renew!
 Too painful for the Muse's tongue.

Warn'd from life by Sorrow's hand,
 Her broken spirit wing'd its flight;
 Calm as the eve when shadows bland
 Soft wrap her in the glooms of night.

By pitying hinds the hapless maid
 Was sadly borne adown the vale;
 Beneath the swelling sod she's laid,
 And pensive shepherds tell her tale.

How soon flies Hope, and all her dreams!
 And Woe oft treads where Pleasure ran.
 Clouds will o'er cast Contentment's beams,
 And Fate derides the aims of man.

The greedy eye may gloating find
 It's coffers heap'd in gorgeous art;
 Yet wealth can't buy th' untainted mind;
 And happiness is in the heart.

Soon peace forsook young Owen's breast,
 And jealous pangs his fury mov'd;

His bride so fair with treasures blest,
In lawless love had guilty prov'd,

An outcast frail the wretch had roam'd,
Till want and woe had bow'd her head;
Pity alone her fate bemoan'd;
She sunk unmourn'd among the dead.

Full many a day had sadly flown,
Till sorrowing Owen chanc'd to stray
Where simply told the letter'd stone,
The lonely spot where Ellen lay.

He sat unconscious on the grave,
Nor thought who moulder'd cold below.
He saw the name—a shriek he gave;
His cheek with kindling guilt did glow.

Tranc'd for a while he madly stood;
Now o'er his mind thick horrors crowd;
Despair had chill'd his freezing blood,
Then o'er the grave he sick'ning bow'd.

And Ellen's lovely charms of yore,
More sweet in fancy did appear.
Each glance of love his bosom tore—
Her voice still melted in his ear.

Alas! the mixing draught of death,
 'Tis memory can make sweet or sour;
 For calm or sad departs the breath,
 As actions past affect the hour.

He wish'd—in vain, 'twas now too late,
 To Heav'n he look'd as sad he sigh'd.
 A prayer he meant to soften fate,
 But utter'd Ellen's name and died.

The modest heap which blooming hides
 With cold embrace fair Ellen's mould,
 There late the love-sick maid abides,
 And oft the dismal tale is told.

And there the changeful swain is led
 By melting maids with tender care,
 To shew what vengeance strikes that head
 Which leaves a true love to despair.

THE END.

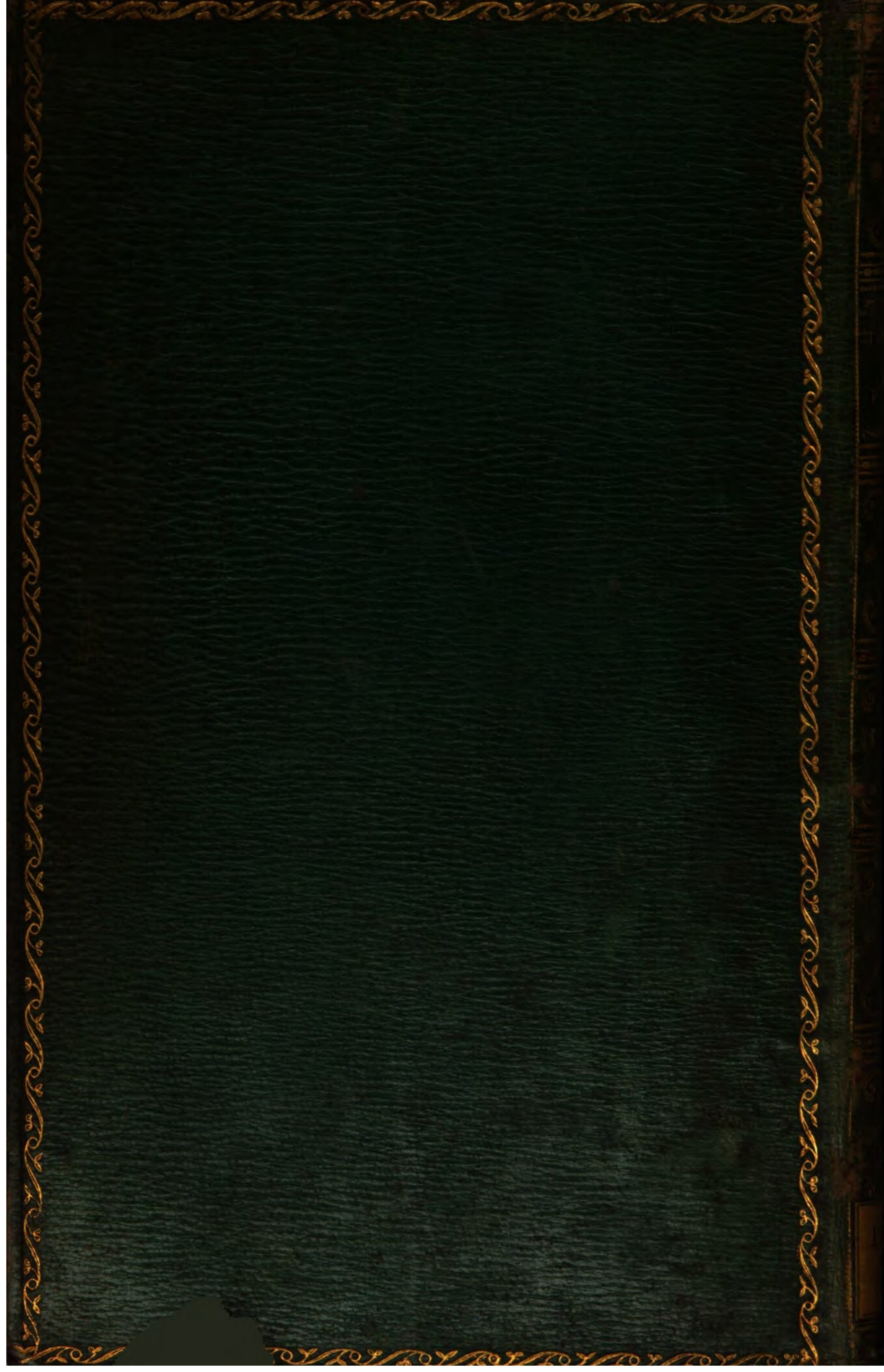
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Townshend, Thomas

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